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OFFICE,

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open from 10 A. M.

—FREE

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TER.

—

Domestic and Foreign Fruits.

A few new apples from Norfolk have ar-

ived in half-barrel baskets, and sell at \$1

to \$2 50 a basket.

Evan the best are

not first class, and a higher price awaits the

one who sends some nice apples. There is

but a light supply of berries and prunes rarer

now than ever.

It is quite evident that the age of the

stock has much to do with the matter.

A young uniform sion will generally assert itself, and the stalk will have little influence on it, especially if the stock is old.

Where both the stock and sion are young, vigorous and uniform, the two will blend together in a way that will produce marked improvements in the fruit.

It would be difficult in such a case to determine beforehand which will have the greater influence. Usually the influence of sion on root is more potent in root

grafting than that of root on sion.

We are gradually reaching a better un-

derstanding about the blending of two

varieties of fruits by grafting, budding

and root grafting. There was a time, a

few years ago, when information on the

subject was very scarce. A few horticulturists were supposed to monopolize most

of the knowledge, and they kept their in-

formation to themselves. But today it is

quite apparent that grafting and budding

are very simple operations, that any man

with a little knowledge of horticultural

methods can perform. It is this process,

however, that has produced some of the

greatest marvels of modern times. From

these grafted fruits we have produced new

products that have attracted world-wide

attention. The very simplicities of the

work should attract every grower of fruits

to attempt to make improvements through it.

There is a fascinating study in

bringing two distinct varieties of fruits

together on one stock, and then watch

for the results. These results may not

always be what one may earnestly desire,

but now and then great good is accom-

plished. Wonders often may be brought

in an orchard that does not pay by grafting

the trees with sions taken from trees

that yield marketable fruits. It is much

easier and quicker to graft the old trees

with new varieties of fruits than to attempt

to raise a new orchard. And after all the

grafted fruit is more apt to be true to its

kind than the seedling, which may change

and degenerate in its growing.

If we could have just what we want

everytime, we would have six inches

to a foot in depth of dry sand. We do not

mean sandy loam or redsoil, though they

may be used, but we would have clear plas-

tering sand if we could obtain it, or sand

from the beach. Cover that with three or

four inches of chopped straw. Rake the

straw off and put in a new supply once a

week, and at each time of doing so, if the

soil is large in proportion to floor room,

turn the sand over a little, occasionally

going nearly to the bottom of it. Then we

should feel confident that, if other care was

right, we would have healthy bens, and

every spring obtain Rabataga as strong as

we desired to use on any crops.

A neighbor uses coal ashes instead of

sand, and it proves very good as a substi-

tute, for not every one has a Cape Cod sand

hill to go to.

"If I am going to have broiled chicken I

want a good one," she said, and she se-

lected a pure bred, Barred Plymouth Rock,

that gave promises of being worth four times

as much next fall as any of the others in the

stock, which were half Rockys and the other

half monrels of a very mongrel lot. She

had raised the chickens and it was her

privilege. The year before she had ob-

tained a setting of Rock eggs and she had

the cockerel and one hen to keep over winter,

with the mongrel chickens. She proba-

bly took no pains to save the egg from her

one purebred hen for setting, or perhaps

selected them for eating because they had a

brown shell. She killed and cooked her

best chickens. She is in a fair way to make

her mongrel flock more thoroughly mongrel

than ever, and next year when she wants a

chicken to broil she will not have a good

one. Who knows her?

POULTRY.

Practical Poultry Hints.

One of the chief difficulties in rearing young turkeys seems to be that they sometimes have the glutinous appetite of the young duck without the digestive power to make use of so much food. In part this must be overcome by care in feeding little and often, and in part by allowing them to exercise and thus to stimulate better digestion.

The natural habit of the turkey is to feed largely upon insects of its own catching. We have many a time watched with much pleasure the advance of a flock of three or four old ones, and their flocks of young as they moved forward in line of battle, as they turned into a pasture or stubble field where the grasshoppers had come out in abundance. There was a beauty and a precision in their steady advance, and the perfection of their alignment, which was attractive to an old soldier, independent of the knowledge that his fields were being cleared of insect pests, and the hoppers being rapidly converted into turkey meat, which would presently have a market value.

If one could get a satisfactory number by allowing each turkey hen to incubate her eggs when she was ready and care for her own young there probably would be less loss by disease than we have now, but if we take her eggs away, and thus induce her to lay 15 eggs instead of 15, the temptation to infringe the earlier eggs to hens for hatching is too great.

It was our practice to keep the hen with turkey chickens shut up every night and until grass was dry the next morning, until they were about four weeks old, feed lightly when in the coop, and if they seemed to find many insects, give them enough grain during the day, or until they returned to the coop again. This kept them foraging during the day, but encouraged them to return at night for safe keeping, and we lost but very few, more by accident than by disease.

After they are from two to three months old they may roost at will, and in a grassy yard, year will scarcely need anything other than placing the land in ridges three feet apart, and sowing turnips on the ridges. He had flat Dutch turnips that weighed nine pounds and Rutabagas that weighed five pounds, and took first premium on each.

We do not desire to criticize his method of growing and cultivating them, though he plowed between them with a light plow drawn by one man, while another held it, but we would criticize the county society that would award the first or any other premium to such overgrown specimens of turnips, unless they were grown expressly for stock feeding, and labeled as such. They could not have been very good for table use, even if they did not find enough in the field to satisfy their appetites they will appear at the feeding place earlier and often.

When young turkeys or old ones appear to be unusually greedy at feeding, not only refuse to give them as much as they will eat, but ascertain whether they are or are not free from fleas. We do not think turkeys are more subject to lice than hens, but we do think they show the trouble much worse when they are present, and that many young turkeys die from this cause than from any or all diseases they are subjected to. The large increase on the top of the head kills the young turkey very quickly, but the old ones gradually get weary, unwilling to stir much, and while eating hardly if others do not drive it away from the food, it will grow less.

In such cases, perhaps, there is no better application than to hold the bird by the legs, head downward, and dust insect powder among the feathers. O: an application of oil, not kerosene oil, but some sweet oil, fresh lard or butter, on the head, under the wings and near the root of the tail, may prove equally efficient. Yet whenever way they are destroyed or driven off, it may be necessary to repeat it more than once, at intervals of about a week, to destroy any which may have hatched out, or which may have come on them from contact with other birds, or even from nest and roosting places.

If no large lice are seen there may be the small red mites which require keen eyesight to detect. The insect powder brings them out very quickly, however, and often in such numbers as to make it appear that the most is crawling among the feathers

He, however, has a correct idea in saying that he would prepare his land by plowing at the rate of 300 to 600 pounds acid phosphate and 400 to 800 pounds kainit to the acre, then sow cover or peas to plow under, and use no fertilizer on the turnips directly. This is a good method of supplying the needed nitrogen, although we think muriate of potash, 50 per cent, actual potash, is a cheaper form than kainit.

We believe that turnips are among the best roots grown for sheep, dry cows and growing young stock, but we never grew any but the strap-leaved, flat turnips expressly for that use, and do not think them as good as the white French or rutabaga. We grew these for market, and anything that looked as if it would weigh more than four pounds was thrown among the little ones for stock feeding.

In a bushel of good hard-wood ashes there are about four pounds of potash, 15 pounds of lime, 24 pounds of magnesia, one pound of phosphoric acid and three-quarters of a pound of sulphuric acid. All of this is either plant food, or assists in making available plant food in the soil. Twenty bushels of such ashes is none too much to use upon good land for almost any crop.

If we could have just what we want, everything we would have from six inches to a foot in depth of dry sand. We do not mean sandy loam or redsoil, though they may be used, but we would have clear plas-

tering sand if we could obtain it, or sand from the beach. Cover that with three or four inches of chopped straw. Rake the straw off and put in a new supply once a week, and at each time of doing so, if the

soil is large in proportion to floor room,

turn the sand over a little, occasionally

going nearly to the bottom of it. Then we

should feel confident that, if other care was

right, we would have healthy bens, and

every spring obtain Rabataga as strong as

we desired to use on any crops.

A writer in the National Rural tells us

of his neighbors who paid \$6 a bushel for

seed of the "Wonderful" cow pea, and

paid freight, while he could have bought

the same for 10 cents. He also found

that the cow pea was a good food for

sheep, and it was a good food for

horses, and it was a good food for

hogs, and it was a good food for

chickens, and it was a good food for

ducks, and it was a good food for

turkeys, and it was a good food for

goats, and it was a good food for

rabbits, and it was a good food for

sheep, and it was a good food for

MASSACHUSETTS PLOUGHMAN
THE NEW ENGLAND JOURNAL OF AGRICULTURE

BOSTON, MASS., JULY 15, 1899.

The sparrow agitation has subsided, but now the caterpillar has taken possession of the Common, and its beautiful foliage seems doomed. What about this? May I Quiney?

Boston's Mother Goose is no longer the proper author upon whom to nourish the infant mentality. The Mothers' Club of New York State object that the rhymes are often a vulgar, censurable jangle, and occasionally even blood-curdling and gory. The sad story of the gentleman who jumped into the blackberry bush and scratched out both his eyes is probably an example of this latter. "Tanty ate, it's timely."

Perhaps the highest praise that can be spoken of Mrs. Mary A. Livermore is that she and her lately deceased husband lived happily together fifty-four years, she all the while laboring strenuously in behalf of the movement to which she was converted by him. But, alas! the Mary A. Livermores and men like the Rev. Daniel Parkes: Livermores are very rare in this world of ours. Their household was a notable exception to most "emancipated" ones.

There seems to be no getting away from the fact that the French take a deep melodramatic satisfaction in being profoundly unhappy. Here's Zola calling the world to witness how nobly disinterred has been his conduct, and here's Mme. Dreyfus refusing to put off her deep mourning until such time as her husband is fully restored to her. More than all, behold Mme. Alfred driving up to Zola's residence and covering the doorsteps with white roses, upon which the "accuse" gentleman should tread as he returned to Paris! Wonder where the omnipotent gamin was. In Boston the bloom wouldn't have graced the doorsteps long.

The opening of public schools in Manila in which the English language is to be taught one hour each day shows that the work of preparing the natives to become American citizens has begun, even before hostilities cease with the insurgents. It is the most hopeful news we have heard lately, as with it comes a report from Prof. J. G. Schurman of the United States commission, who has visited the southern group of islands. All the people want is peace and United States protection from their persecutors, the Tagalog insurgents under Aguinaldo, whose power they dread. Lunon is the only island that this country will have any trouble with, and even in that the most intelligent people are utterly opposed to Aguinaldo's rule. So, whatever anti-expansion theorists may believe, our forces on the Philippines are contending for order and freedom in the islands, with the certainty that when Aguinaldo's forces are scattered and captured both of these will be secured.

If there is any body of public officers to whom Boston owes a deep debt of gratitude that body is the park commission. The commissioners' annual report, which has just appeared, makes very widely interesting reading. It notes that in order to meet the exigencies of abbreviated funds the original plans for park construction were carefully revised, expensive buildings and other features non-essential to the harmonious completion of the park system and its enjoyment by this generation being omitted. That Boston will soon have a system unequalled in this country, the commissioners confidently promise, and this sentiment all who, on these fine summer days, are exploring the wonders of our masterly scheme for the public pleasure will certainly echo. The report's plea for citizens' gifts of playgrounds we most heartily commend. The future of our country lies with the children, and the future of the children is largely determined by their healthful play facilities. Give, then, benevolent ones, and rejoice at your privilege in so doing.

The present summer in all parts of the country has had weather as much out of the usual course as was the summer of 1898, though not of the same character. West of the Alleghenies the latter half of April and all of May and June have been very dry. In the States west of the Alleghenies there have been rains enough, and the farther west the locality is there have been floods such as were never known before this season. Last year, it will be remembered, the wet weather began about the first of July, with rains almost every day until nearly September. That seemed like a tropical summer, hot, with very humid atmosphere, and rain almost every day. There is time yet for the completion of this programme this year, and after so much dry weather such a result seems more probable than any other. A year ago hot, wet weather here allowed the long days far north to melt away more of the ice and snow than usual, for if the mists are in July and August had gone north as it does usually, it would have been precipitated in early snow. If like causes produce like results weather conditions this summer are thus far favorable to dry weather in fall and another cold winter, as the winter of 1898-99 was.

The well-known writer of the financial column in the New York Sun believes that in its latest lease of Boston & Albany the New York Central has not made so good a bargain for itself as for those who leased the lines. These last get eight per cent. dividends on their stock, which is twice as much as the West Shore Railroad was leased for 15 years ago. A four per cent. bond, guaranteed by the New York Central, was given for each share of stock. William H. Vanderbilt sold out at a premium his Government four per cent. bonds, and invested one hundred million dollars in West Shore four per cent., having 500 years to run. The new bonds that will be given for Boston & Albany stock have 999 years to run, and the New York Central guarantees eight per cent. dividends for all this long time in the future. The Sun rightly thinks this is a risky thing to do. If the rate of interest comes down in the next 50 years as it has in the last 50, money can be borrowed by that time for not more than two per cent. interest. Then the New York Central will have an elephant on its hands to pay eight per cent. to the holders of a part of its bonds and four per cent. on another part. The bonds it guarantees will then be worth more than its own stock. Should years of bad times come, both bonds and stock will surely go down even faster than they have lately risen.

An interesting light on the poet Hawthorne is given by the intimacy which his boyhood diary shows existed between him and a young minister named William Symmes, who furnished the diary for publication.

cation. Despite their difference in color the two boys always associated together as equals, as boys have, generally, a habit of doing, unless they are taught class distinctions at home. The half and quarter-bred colored people are usually sensitive about their color. Mr. Symmes once remarked that in all his experience, only two white men had never shown by word or look that he was not of their own color. One was Nathaniel Hawthorne and the other Samuel Fessenden of Maine, father of William Pitt Fessenden, afterwards Senator and Secretary of the Treasury under Lincoln. Samuel Fessenden was one of the earliest to expose the cause of abolition of slavery. It is said of him that soon after emancipation was declared in the British West Indies, the negroes of Portland or Augusta were celebrating that event on the 1st of August, which used to be called the colored men's Fourth of July. One colored speaker highly eulogized Mr. Fessenden, whom he endorsed as a friend of the colored man. He wound up with the anti-slavery "God bless Massa Fessenden." He has a white face, but he has a black heart." This wasn't exactly what he meant to say, and the audience laughed, but doubtless the "God bless Massa Fessenden" was as good a prayer as it had not had a different ending.

Of all the members of the Cabinet of Jefferson Davis only one survives, and he is the Postmaster General of the Confederacy, John H. Reagan of Texas. It is more than 84 years since the Cabinet ceased to meet around the council board of the Confederate President. Mr. Ragan after the war was for some time an involuntary resident of Fort Warren in Boston. He was captured about the time Jefferson Davis was taken, and like him was on his way South. Among other members of the Cabinet, Tombs, Benjamin, Hunter and John C. Breckinridge are best known to the Northern public. Hunter and Benjamin were colleagues with Mason and Silliman in the Senate as early as 1852, while John C. Breckinridge was chosen Vice President on the ticket with James Buchanan in 1856. Judah P. Benjamin went to London after the civil war, and attained some distinction as a lawyer. He became Queen's counsel. This is an honor that we think no other American has ever before reached. Mr. Ragan was for many years senator from Texas. He was one of the ablest advocates of the United States Interstate commerce commission, which for sixteen years has been a check to railroad monopoly so far astray between the States is concerned. Mr. Ragan was also an advocate of the Texas railroad commission, and he left the United States Senate when the Texas railroad commission law was passed, and was made a member of the commission, where he has served ever since. He has done good service to the State and to the country since the civil war, and is now as heartily glad that the union of the States was preserved as can any man who was on the side that came out victorious in that conflict.

Some Spots Remote Yet Near.

There are at least two clearly differentiated types of the American "vacationist." One group is made up of those who eagerly look forward to the time when by the sunning sea, or under the shadow of the eternal hills, they may come into that sublime sense of oneness with Nature's God which alone makes life for them worth living. Like Keats, they will then enjoy the numerous hums of flies on sunburnt eyes; like Shelley, will sing in the faint, sweet sound of the corn fields; and like Wordsworth, will find in the sight of the meanest flower that blows, "thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears." This type of "vacationist" never cares for "resorts," fails to get up a proper interest in excursions, and feels that "to one who has been long in city pent" no joy is comparable to the quiet contemplation which comes from watching blue sky through a lattice work of green leaves, while piney scents freight the air, and no sounds are heard except those made by bird and beast visitors to the favored spot so rarely remote as to be beyond the range of electric cars.

To tell this kind of nature lover that Boston is a capital place in which to spend the summer is on the surface an unpardonable impertinence. To suggest that there are beautifully secluded spots which can be reached in half an hour from the central subway station is to add insult to injury. But it is just because we realize how intense becomes the longing of enforced city sojourners for that intimate contact with natural sights and sounds which is their delight, that we recommend them to cease their scornful regard of the inevitable siecle, and make the most of the opportunities this mode of rapid transit offers for establishing easy communication with Nature, the Rector.

One warm Sunday morning a few weeks ago, two, who no longer scoff, reached in twenty minutes by electricians an old country graveyard as restful, as remote and as unworldly as that in which Gray wrote his famous elegy. On some rocks under a clump of pine trees these nature lovers staked themselves and waited. The insistent "ow, ow, ow" of a big black crow was heard, and soon at a few yards distance the raven-toned bird was descried perched on a moss-grown head stone, preaching his *canitis canitorum* as eloquently as any minister might. Nearly a graceful chipmunk sped noiselessly to his hole, while among the leaves of a spreading oak the birds sang their morning *Lauda Deum*. This place was not exceptional in its beauty. That is the best of it, and when you find it others like it for yourself you too will rejoice in its charm and be thankful.

Perhaps, however, the sea is the desired spot. Here again the electricians may be employed to good purpose. Find out by making mistakes where the crowds are not. Then go to your secluded stretch of shore and be happy. Here instead of the crowd you will find the sand paper for intimate companion. There may not be trees, but there will be an infinity of sky and woods; full impressionistic colorings in the gathering storm, and making every line of poetry you have known spring involuntarily to your lips.

Or you may reach the favored spot by boat. There are a number of harbor and ocean excursions from Boston matchless in their appeal to those really fond of the sea. Here to delight the imaginative nature lover are spectral lighthouses along the coast, ominous bell towers with their thrilling "shoals ware shoals" refrain, while over all is heard the tireless flap of seagulls' wings. Nor is there of necessity, even on an excursion boat, the "crowd" which is the bane of that seeker for remoteness to whom we are just now addressing ourselves. We agree with this silent lover that "the world is too much with us" in the most obvious breathing places near Boston. Crowds not dispensers of "double-jointed Dewey peanuts" are the compassionate type of "vacationist" seeks.

Yet even for these, we insist, Boston in summer has many charms. As for those

who, like Leigh Hunt, love their fellowmen, there need be no end to their enjoyment. But that's another story.

The Case of Anti-Woman Suffrage

Many of us were moved to admiration some ten days ago upon reading in a London cable report of the coolness and dignity with which a paper against woman suffrage was presented at the International Council and Congress of Women by a lady, said to have been "uninvited." The correspondent seems to have been quite ignorant of the important truth that the communication in question was sent to the congress by the authority of Mrs. Henry P. Whitney, secretary of the International State committee of the anti-woman suffrage societies, in response to an invitation from Lady Aberdeen herself!

This paper, which has now been printed in full by a Boston contemporary, is remarkable for the clear, forcible and sensible arguments therein presented against the further extension of suffrage to women. It is not our present purpose to attempt a synopsis of these arguments, the most potent of which are already sufficiently familiar to women in general. Rather do we wish to consider briefly some of the earnest statements of thinking men and women concerning this whole matter of woman suffrage, and to show how necessary it has come to be that the anti-woman suffrage cause shall now strenuously put itself forward wherever questions of vital interest to women are being discussed.

At first glance it would seem unnecessary to call the colored men's "Fourth of July." One colored speaker highly eulogized Mr. Fessenden, whom he endorsed as a friend of the colored man. He wound up with the anti-slavery "God bless Massa Fessenden." He has a white face, but he has a black heart.

"What mean these words?" The Clark made answer mock.

"He has put down princes from their thrones

and exalted them of low degree.

"Therat King Robert muttered scornfully,

"'Tis well that such seditions words are sung

By priests, and the Latin tongue,

For these priests and people be it known

That their power can push me from my

throne."

And leaning back he yawned and fell asleep.

When he awoke it was already night.

The church was empty and there was no light.

The legend goes on to tell that the king, rousing the sexton at last, rushed out into the darkness of the night, rushed to the palace with many indignant cries at the outrage on his dignity, until he reached the baronet's room:

There the dast sat another king,

Wearing his robe, his crown, his sacred ring,

King Edward, in robes, form and height,

But all transfigured with angelic radiance;

It was an angel, and his presence there

With a divine fragrance filled the air.

A moment speechless, motionless, amazed,

The throneless monarch on the angel gazed,

Whose looks of anger and surprise

With the divine compassion of his eyes.

Then said, "Who art thou, and why com'st thou

To me?"

King Robert answered with a sneer:

"I am the king, and come to claim my own

From an imposter who usurps my throne!"

The Angel answered with unmoved brow,

"Nay, not the King, but the King's Jester, thou

Henceforth thou 'lt wear the bells and scalloped cape,

And for thy counsellor shall lead an ape;

Thou shalt obey my servants when they call,

And wear upon thy headpiece in the hall!"

Down to King Robert's throat, and cries and prayers,

They threw him from the hall and down the stairs.

Next morning, waking with the day's first beam,

He said within himself, "It was a dream!"

But the straw rustled as he turned his head.

There he lay, in the same bed beside his bed.

Around him, now, were the discarded walls,

Close by the tools were changing in their stalls,

And in the corner, a revolving chair.

Sighing and chattering, sat the wretched ape.

It was a dream; the world he loved so much

Had turned to dust and ashes at his touch.

Meanwhile, King Robert yielded to his fat,

Quiet and silent and disconsolate,

Dressed in the motley garb that jesters wear,

With look bewildered and vacant stare.

His only friend the ape, his only food

What others left—he still was unsubdued.

He lay in his cage, half in a swoon, half in a sweat,

Stony, bitter, half in a swoon, half in a sweat,

The velvet scabbard held a sword of steel;

"Art thou the King?" the passion of his wife burst from him in irresistible overflow.

And, lifting up his forehead, he would fling

The hasty answer back, "I am, I am the King!"

After three years, during which King Robert, dressed as the king's jester, was taken to Pope Urban of Rome and disowned as only a madman, when he appealed to Pope Urban as his brother:

—It's strange sport

To keep a madman for thy foot at court,

And to the poor bald jester, in disgrace,

Was hustled back among the populace.

It is well that the world be not so small,

As if the world could be too large for us,

And so the world is, and so the world is,

And so the world is, and so the world is,

And so the world is, and so the world is,

And so the world is, and so the world is,

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MASSACHUSETTS PLOUGHMAN BOSTON, MASS., SATURDAY, JULY 15, 1899

MARKETS.

BOSTON LIVE STOCK MARKET.

Week ending July 12, 1899.

Amount of Stock at Market.

Shotes and Fat

Cattle Sheep. Suckers Hogs Veals

This week, 4041 4831 34,351 2624
Last week, 2894 3034 34 23,304 1621

Value on Northern Cattle, etc.

Beef.—Per hundred pounds on total weight of cattle and meat, extra, \$6.67.55; first quality, \$5.50.67.75; second quality, \$5.00.65.25; third quality, \$4.00.60; a few choice single lots, \$7.00.60; some of the poorest, bulls, pairs, \$3.00.50.

Calves and Young Calves.—Fair quality, \$20.25 extra, \$40.48; fancy milch cows, \$50.65; parlor and dry, \$12.50.

Sheep.—Thin young cattle for farmers: yearlings, \$1.00; thin yearlings, \$1.00; two-year-olds, \$1.25.

Grazing.—For pound, live weight, 2½¢@3¢ per lb.; sheep and lambs per head, lots, \$4.50.60; country dressings, \$4.50.

Fat Hogs.—Per pound, \$3.75.40.25 Cwt. live weight, wholesale, etc., retail, \$1.50.60; country dressed hogs, 4¢@5¢.

Veal Calves.—3½¢@4¢ per lb.

Hides.—Brighton, 7½ 80¢ per lb.; country lots, 7½ 80¢.

Skins.—\$1.50.60@1.00. Dairy skins, 40¢ 50¢.

Tallow.—Brighton, 3½@4¢ per lb.; country lots, 3½@4¢.

Wool Pelts.—75¢@1.00 each; country lots, 75¢@1.00.

Shearlings.—10@15c.

Arrivals at the Different Vards.

Cattle Sheep. Hogs. Veals. Horses.

Watertown 2079 4340 21,300 1599 275

Brighton 1862 491 13,131 1025 100

Cattle Sheep. Cattle Sheep.

Maine B M Ricker 19

At Brighton. B M Ricker 19 Canada

J. A. Berry 37 At Watertown.

J. T. Course 33 J. L. Lessens 99

Lloyd Bros. 33 S. W. Brown 100

Harris & Felt 19 J. Gould 72

Thompson 30 J. A. Hatha 72

Hanson 10 way 56

A. A. Stansbury 2

Hanson & Chapman 12 At Watertown.

M. D. Holt 15 At Brighton.

O. H. Forbush 8

New Hampshire. O. H. Forbush 8

At Brighton.

A. C. Thompson 1 J. S. H. Conners 28

At N. E. M. & Wool 28

R. Conners 28

S. W. Wallace 240

At Watertown. S. W. Wallace 240

W. H. Morris 605

Swift & Co. 714

S. L. Learned 163

Williamson 17 Sturtevant 15

W. H. Morris 15

POETRY.

(Original.)

HEAVEN'S KINGDOM.
Look I for heaven's kingdom,
In all of Nature's stems,
White winter's cold, warm summer's gold,
And the vernal greens!

Long sought I for heaven's kingdom,
Among my fellow men,
But there was strife every life,

That same I sought in my soul,
I long sought I for heaven's kingdom,

Now made my soul my quest,
The after years of care that scars,

I found there peace and rest,

The kingdom blest, I know best

In heart and mind and soul!

ARTHUR E. LOCKE.

NOCTURNE.

Night on the gray sea;
A small gray ship;
It hangs out a light;
It is in the gray night;

And over sea to me
The silence brings.

A far-off air
A sailor sings.

Forms Cared
For.

In the world that
Is the subject of what
I have seen,

By MADAWAT'S
FAT'S READY

ments per bottle.

Drugs.

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ALL
plaints,
ORHEA,
ORBUS.

STOP AT THE
CAN
USE
Dear Scollay Sq.
to Dalm Station,
Exhibition centre, &
in the city for the
greatest. Steam Meal
on the house, giving
rest and conven-

The special
breakfast dinner at 50

C. A. JONES.

SEA CAVES.

Caves of the sea I have seen,
Barged on coasts that are lonely,
Ran with the sea tides green,
And the rock algae only;

Flooded with old driftwood like bones
Left for the breezes to whiten,
Rains from all of the zones,
Potent not even to frighten;

Flooded by chokeberry and rose
Flung from the wilds to a token;
Visited only by crows
Hunting the mussels half-broken.

HEN. E. REXFORD.

more reliable o

the subject of what
I have seen.

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leading periodicals
of literature. For
his book is a thor-

oughly studied to the
inner kinds of plants

the author tells what

is quite unusual and
most cannot fail to meet

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THE HORSE.

Buffalo (N. Y.) Notes.

The Village Farm racing stable now located at the Detroit track, and the horses that will not be campaigned this year have reached the toers. Saran from the Louisville Fair, the principal one being the black stallion Hair at Law (posting record 2.18), by Mambrino King; dam, Elizabeth. Mr. Geers was averse to training this fellow, and every breeder in this section regretted that Mr. Hamlin insisted upon his being sent South. Saran in western New York is more popular than this fellow, and will therefore be used to great advantage in racing form, many will be too glad to take advantage of his return. His youngsters are making him famous, and only this week a good sample of his ability as a sire turned up in Jack D., a winner at the Windsor meeting.

Among the others sent home were several high-class trotters that will be reserved for stakes horses in '99. Never in the history of the farm did Geers have so much good material to choose from, and the youngsters sent home are equal to those he will campaign. I include the following: Hair at Law, dam, Fairhurst Chimes, by Chimes, as one of the best things on the farm, and Mr. Harry Hamlin was extremely anxious to have her saved this year. Another great one is the filly Grace Chimes, by Chimes, out of Grace Hamlin, sister of Hair at Law, etc. Geers is also sweet on Adonis, a chestnut gelding by Hair-at-Law out of Mary C., a thoroughbred daughter of Lytton. The second most valuable colt is Mambrino King, dam, daughter of Bonnie Scotland and Gloucester, respectively. The other horses shipped to the home farm were: Crystal Chimes, bay gelding, by Chimes; dam, Crystal, by Mambrino King; Modern Lord, brown gelding, by Chimes; dam, Bobolink, dam, of Head Bird (2.14%), etc.; June King, black gelding, by Mambrino King; dam, June Bug (B) (2.39%), by Chimes; and Regal Chimes, bay filly, by Chimes; dam, Early (2.11), by Fr. nos. Ragenta. Geers has also shipped to W. T. H. Uncora, Pa., the stallion Cloud Pointer, brother of Star Pointer, the champion of champions.

This leaves twelve horses in the stable now at Detroit, and from the lot Geers will take the racing material. His record horses are well known, being Lady of the Manor (2.07%), The Abbott (2.08), Bassett (2.09%), Dare Devil (2.09%) and Tudor Chimes (2.13). Chimes Girl has a record of 2.26 made at a two-year-old, but before eligible to the stakes she has had no racing, but is said to be good and will bear watching. The other green trotters are Kin-line Chimes, by Chimes, dam, Emily (2.11); The Queen, sister of King Chimes (2.14); by Chimes; Merriment, by Mambrino King; dam, Minnie Chimes, by Chimes; Betty Hamlin, a three year old daughter of Mambrino King and old Bell Hamlin (2.15%); and Lasso, a gelding by Hair-at-Law; dam, Golden Slipper, a mare bred in saddle horses. The very great pace set by the chestnut gelding is followed by Glorious Gateway, son of Guy Wilkes; dam, Queenie, by Mambrino King. Geers is enroute at the Saginaw (Mich.) meeting, and will probably make his first start at that point.

Sam Willer, O'charl Park, N. Y., has sold to Schlesinger & Co., Vienna, Austria, the trotting mare Loretta (2.33%), by Stamford, son of Almont Jr. (2.26), at a reported price of \$1000. This mare made her record in a winch race at the Hamburg (N. Y.) meeting last season over a half-mile track. She has shown much faster times since.

O. H. Hayes of this city is the owner of a recent arrival, a brown colt by Hair at Law (2.05%), dam, Bright Eyes (dam of Bright Regent's 2.04%). This youngster is a brother of Bright Regent's sire. Bright Regent was the second fastest pacer turned out from Village Farm, and was sold at their '98 sale to Col. Goff of Providence, R. I., and is now a member of Goff's stable. Bright Eyes also produced Bonita (dam of R. B. 2.25%), and Joe S., sire of Homa (2.18%).

John M. Hull has lost three trotters in a rather mysterious manner during the past five weeks. The first to die was the gelding Strasburg Chimes, by Chimes; dam, Sonata, by Mambrino King. This fellow died on May 10, it is surmised, the bowels being given as the cause. On Thursday, June 29, Mr. Hull was informed that his horse Fred Wilkes (2.34%), by Haldane (2.36%), had been sold to a man named and that Mr. Too Miller (2.19%), the record holder of his friend A. H. Miller of this city, was also ill. Fred Wilkes died the following morning, and Mr. Too Miller in the same day. Inflammation of the bowels was the cause of death in both instances, and the vets in attendance were considerably puzzled. While they did not care to attribute the deaths to poison, they hinted that such was the case. The records of the two horses are now in the hands of a leading chemist.

The Jewettville horses are keeping up their reputation this week. That was a great race Hull put up at Windsor, and justified the claim made by his trainer and owner last winter, when they declared that he would be the horse to beat in the 2.09 and 2.10 paces. Jack D., Lady Wellington, Phew and others were also on hand when first money was paid out.

McDonald's stable at the Village Farm includes a bay gelding by Hair at Law, dam, Lady in Waiting, sister of Ed Western (2.09%) and Beatrice Chimes (2.32%), dam of American Belle (2.13%), a colt by Dare Devil (2.09%); dam, Winsor's Maid, by Golden Gateway; a bay colt by Hair at Law; dam, King's Pride, sister of Mambrino Simon (2.19%), by Mambrino King; a bay filly by Chimes; dam, Sheep, by Mambrino King; second dam, Silk, dam of Owl (2.18%), by Alemanca; and a black colt by Hair at Law; dam, The Conqueror, by King Chimes (2.13%), sired by Florida Chimes (2.16%).

The Buell speedsters are now completed and will be opened to the public by the time this is seen in print, provided, of course, inclement weather does not prevent putting on the finishing touches.

GERALD REX.

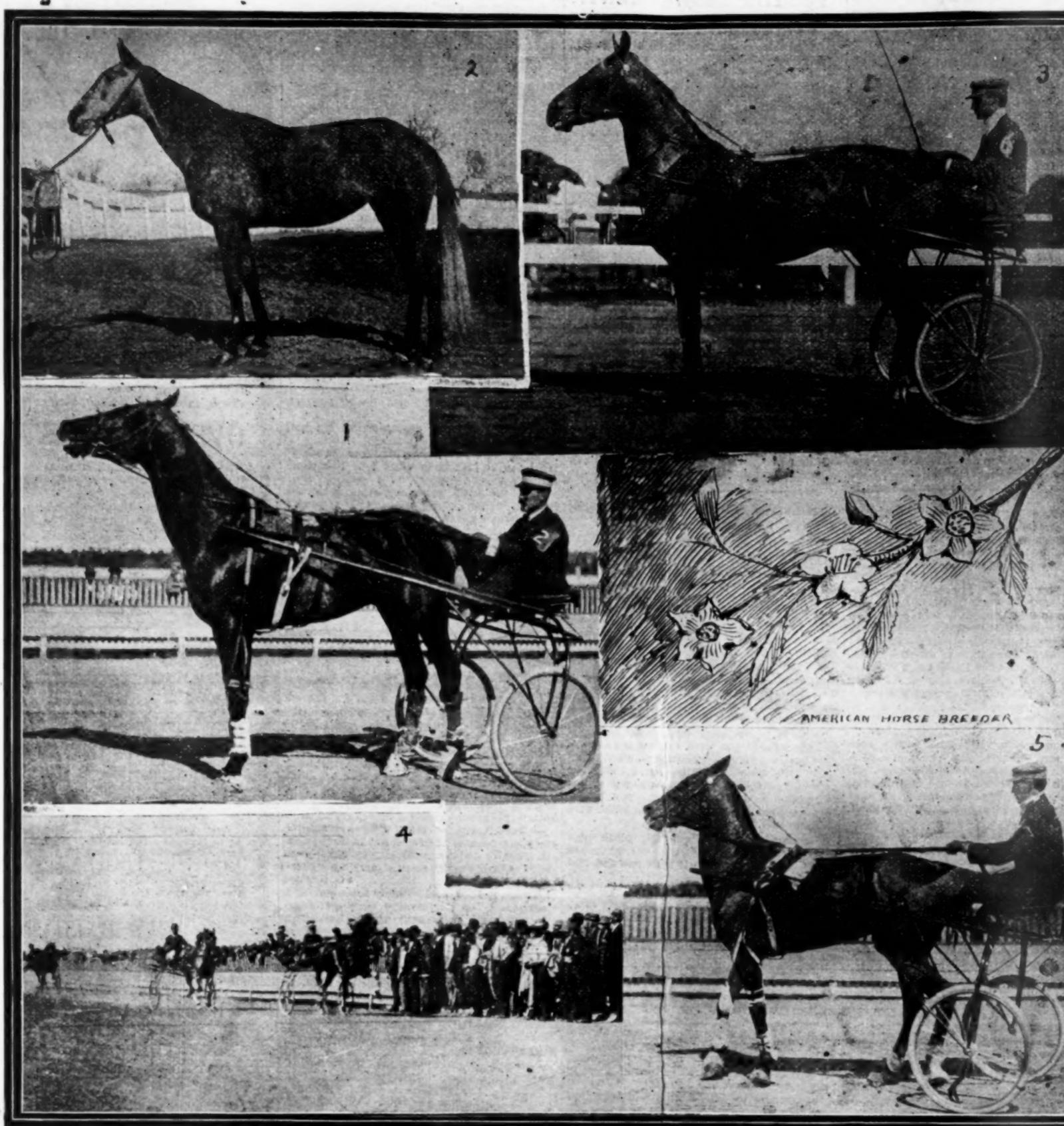
The Fourth at Combination Park.

In spite of the intense heat and the many competitor attractions, manager Hick's holiday day programs at Combination Park brought out a crowd of fully 2000 people. The card called for four races, three of which were of half-mile heats, and all decided under Mr. Hick's plan of each heat a race, and all races to be finished at the end of the third heat. It was distinctly a holiday crowd, and they were pleased with the happy character of the sport. Every heat was a horse race from wire to wire, and if, as was not often the case, the winner held his field well in hand, there was always a lively soap for place money, and the last time made in the half-mile heat affairs looks as though some of the contestants would be heard from in deep water before the season ends.

The 2.40 trot was the first event, and at the word the chestnut gelding Tom Fullerton went away from the wire as if he had a bunch of firecrackers tied to his tail, and led the field to the wire in 1.07. In the second heat he repeated this performance in 1.06 and came back the third trip in 1.06. Lon McDonald was second each time with Harry Shedd, a good-looking and well-gaited son of J. R. Shedd. The Candidate gelding, Warren F., showed great speed but was unsteady. Gazeaway, by Lookaway, acted as though he would be up with the money in good company before the close of the season.

In the free-for-all, Jimmy Timothy got to the front with Loring early in the first heat and was not headed during the race. John R. ley kept the grand dandy ter of old Blue Bull strong out from wire to wire with Mercury Wilkes, but could not quite reach.

In the first heat Kentucky Star paced from the outside of the track into second position at the head of the stretch, where he looked like a winner but went to a break, and in the subsequent heats did not seem to have speed enough to beat the sprinters.



REFINA (p), 2.08 1-2

BARON ROGERS, 2.09 3-4.

Finish of a heat - Baron Rogers, 2.09 3-4, First. Harry Bird, 2.10. Second.

GORDON H., 2.16 1-4

INDIA SILK (p), 2.10 3-4.

trot races half mile heats, on July 15.

The Allegheny mare, Neily F., made a bid for the final heat, but after going round the field into second position, she could do no better than third at the wire.

The 2.24 class, the only mile heat race of the afternoon, was a red-hot contest between the two mares Texas Lillian and Drummer Girl. The latter, although after a rasping finish she was beaten a head at the wire, was given the place, as Riley's mare left her feet in the last few strides.

The next two heats went to the chestnut mare, but only after Drummer Girl had made a hard fight for them.

All three heats of the 3.00 pace went to Joe Gahn, and he was the easiest winner of the afternoon. He is a 16-hand black gelding by Simmons, dam by Oswald, in Louis McDonald's stable. It certainly looked as though he could have paced half in the second heat.

Tom Fullerton is a brown gelding hailing from New York State. He is by Young Fullerton (2.20%), dam by Star. His half in 1.06, and he certainly could have bettered it, is quite clever for a trotter, but he wears hopples, and then the Fullertons have not been considered game. He is entered at Hartford in the 2.40 trot, which is down for Friday, and if he starts he is sure to make some of them step well, although the stretches on a mile track may look a bit long to him when the heats are split up.

SUMMARIES.

COMBINATION PARK, MEDFORD, MASS., July 15. 1899.—2-40 class trot, half-mile heats. Purse, \$150.

Tom Fullerton, b. g. by Young Fullerton; dam by Star (Mooney).....1 1 Harry Shedd, b. g. by J. R. Shedd (McDonald).....2 2

Warren F., b. g. by Old Master (D. Soley)....3 3

Gazeaway, b. g. by Lookaway (Witch)....4 4

Doris, b. m. (Bryant).....5 5

Time, 1.07, 1.08%, 1.08%.

Same day—Free-for-all trot and pace. Purse, \$150.

Lorenz, b. m. by Jet C.; dam, Dot, pedigree not traced (Timothy).....1 1

Mercury Wilkes, ch. by Scarlet Wilkes (Biley).....2 2

Neily F., b. m. by Neily (McDonald).....3 3

Mary S., b. m. by John E. Wood (McDonald).....4 4

Time, 1.08%, 1.04%, 1.06%.

Another handsome pacer that has his home in the same stable is Phyllis (2.19%), by Fairies (2.14%), dam, Bessie Turner (dam of Oliver K.). He is a 16-hand black gelding, and is a good pacer, and has recently shown speed enough to warrant the belief that he would win in fast company if properly trained and raced. He was very fast on the snow last winter. It may interest Mr. G. F. Avery, who bred Phyllis and others, to know that he has a good home.

Thomas Carter, foreman of the Elm City stables, has purchased a large bay horse by another recent rader.

Frederick F. Potter, a lifelong resident of the city, was taken yesterday morning ill from diabetes. He has been a lumber dealer and hardware dealer to horses for many years. He was a genial, companionable man with many good qualities. His age was 64 years.

The following summaries give particulars of the half-mile heat races on July 4 at Riverside Park in the suburbs of this city. The fact is the track is a short one accounts for the fast time.

SUMMARIES.

RIVERSIDE PARK, NEW HAVEN, CT., July 4.

Kenucky Star, b. g. by Robert McGregor (Hodges).....7 3

Emmett, b. m. by Ambrose (McDonald).....4 4

Kentro, b. m. by Woodbine (Oahlil).....6 6

Time, 1.08%, 1.04%, 1.06%.

Same day—2-24 class trot, pace. Purse, \$150.

Texas Lillian, ch. by Texas Jack; dam, Untraceable (Biley).....2 2

Drummer Girl, br. m. by Eclipse (Keeler).....2 2

Untraceable (Biley).....2 2

Aquidabon, br. g. by Ambassador (N. W. McDaniel).....4 4

Time, 1.14, 1.10%, 1.10, 1.10.

Same day—3-40 class. One hundred bushels.

Free Silver, br. m. by American Boy (P. O. Poole).....3 1 1

Jim C., s. b. by Tommy T. (E. M. Cuttell).....2 2 2

Patcheo, b. g. by Ambrose (McDonald).....3 3 3

Henry, b. g. by Parker (Oahlil).....5 5 5

Belle, b. m. by Atherton (Atherton).....8 8 9

Time, 2.35%, 2.35%, 2.35%.

Same day—3-50 pace, half-mile heats. Purse, \$150.

Joe Gahn, b. g. by Simmons; dam by

Osmond A. (McDonald).....1 1 1

Christie, s. m. by Alexander (May).....7 7

High Bird, ch. g. untraced (Yours).....2 7 7

Mac, b. g. untraced (Brown).....6 6 5

Flaub, br. g. untraced (Brown).....3 3 5

Mary M., ch. m. untraced (McGrath).....4 4 4

Augie H., ch. m. by Parker (Oahlil).....5 5 5

Hostet John, b. g. by Parker (Oahlil).....5 5 5

Belle, b. m. by Atherton (Atherton).....10 10 10

Time, 1.09%, 1.09%, 1.08%.

Same day—Free for all trot and pace. Purse, \$150.

Tommy, b. m. by Parker (Oahlil).....1 1 1

Frank S., b. g. by Tom Scott (G. F. Potter).....2 2 2

Belle Light, b. g. by Graves (Big Bull) (F. D. Bradley).....3 1 1

Lizzie K. Toorse, br. m. (F. F. Potter).....1 2 2

Aquidabon, br. g. by Ambassador (N. W. McDaniel).....4 2 3

Time, 1.14, 1.10%, 1.10, 1.10.

Same day—Free for all trot and pace. Purse, \$150.

Free Silver, br. m. by American Boy (P. O. Poole).....3 1 1

Jim C., s. b. by Tommy T. (E. M. Cuttell).....2 2 2

Patcheo, b. g. by Ambrose (McDonald).....3 3 3

Henry, b. g. by Parker (Oahlil).....5 5 5

Belle, b. m. by Atherton (Atherton).....10 10 10

Time, 1.09%, 1.09%, 1.08%.

Same day—Free for all trot and pace. Purse, \$150.

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Patcheo, b. g. by Ambrose (McDonald).....3 3 3

Henry, b. g. by Parker (Oahlil).....5 5 5

Belle, b. m. by Atherton (Atherton).....10 10 10

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Patcheo, b. g. by Ambrose (McDonald).....3 3 3